

The Florence Tribune.

VOL. VI.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1897.

NO. 29.

Across the Continent on The Stearns.

NEARLY 4,000 MILES WITHOUT A BREAK.
400 RIDERS—400 WHEELS.
NOTHING BUT STEARNS BICYCLES RIDDEN.

THE Journal-Examiner Yellow Ribbon Race finished Sept. 7, in the marvelous time of 13 days, was the greatest cycling event ever originated, and its successful execution demonstrates the strength and speed of the Stearns. This ride over trails, mountain passes, rocks, boulders, railroad ties, deserts and cactus fields in such time is simply marvelous, and it all stands to the credit of the Stearns, whose makers originated and successfully executed the ride.

The way to do it is to do it on The Stearns.

E. C. STEARNS & COMPANY, MAKERS,

BUFFALO, N. Y.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PARIS, FRANCE.
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

K. L. HART, Agent,

Tucson, Arizona.

RAIL ROAD TIME TABLES

Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix R'y Co.

SANTA FE SYSTEM
Is the Shortest
And Quickest Route

To Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago
and all points EAST.

S. F., P. & P. TIME TABLE, NO. 22,
Effective May 31, 1897.

Days.	Through Time Card.	Days.
Monday 5:00pm	San Francisco, Ar. 6:15pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 10:30am	Mohave, Ar. 11:45am	Tuesday
Tuesday 1:00pm	San Diego, Ar. 1:15pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 4:45pm	Los Angeles, Ar. 5:00pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 8:30pm	Barstow, Ar. 8:45pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 11:00pm	The Needles, Ar. 11:15pm	Tuesday
Wednesday 1:00pm	Kingman, Ar. 1:15pm	Monday
Wednesday 4:15pm	Asheville, Ar. 4:30pm	Monday
Monday 10:30pm	Chicago, Ar. 11:45pm	Monday
Tuesday 1:00pm	St. Louis, Ar. 1:15pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 4:45pm	Kansas City, Ar. 5:00pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 8:30pm	Denver, Ar. 8:45pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 11:00pm	Hollywood, Ar. 11:15pm	Tuesday
Thursday 1:00pm	Phoenix, Ar. 1:15pm	Monday
Thursday 4:15pm	Phoenix, Ar. 4:30pm	Monday
Thursday 8:30pm	Phoenix, Ar. 8:45pm	Monday
Thursday 11:00pm	Phoenix, Ar. 11:15pm	Monday

"Dining station."

THE SCENIC ROUTE OF ARIZONA!

The best route to California. The only north and south line in Arizona to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Petrified Forest, Cliff Dwellings, Great Pine Forests, Salt River Valley and numerous other points of interest.

Through tickets to all points in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Nos. 1 & 4 connect at Jerome Junction with trains of the U. V. & P. R'y. for Jerome and for all principal mining centers and Congress Junction with Congress Gold Co. R.R. for Congress and stage lines for Harqua Hala Station and Yarnell, at Phoenix with the M. & P. & S. R'y. for points on the S. P. R'y.

Trains for California leave Ash Fork at 1:30 p. m., arriving in Los Angeles next morning at 8:30, and San Francisco same evening at 6:15. Train for the East leaves Ash Fork at 7:40 a. m.

F. M. MURPHY, Pres. & Gen'l Mgr.,
Prescott, Ariz.
GEO. M. SARGENT, Gen. Fr. & Pass. Agt.,
Prescott, Ariz.
R. E. WELLS, Asst. Gen. Mgr.,
Prescott, Ariz.

Southern Pacific Railway.

Eastbound.	Westbound.
8:45a	El Paso, Ar. 11:10a
10:15a	Deming, Ar. 12:40p
11:10a	Las Cruces, Ar. 1:35p
12:15p	Wilcox, Ar. 2:30p
1:10p	Houston, Ar. 3:25p
2:15p	Tucson, Ar. 4:20p
3:10p	Arizona, Ar. 5:15p
4:15p	Casa Grande, Ar. 6:10p
5:10p	Maricopa, Ar. 7:05p
6:15p	Gila Bend, Ar. 8:00p
7:10p	Yuma, Ar. 8:55p
8:15p	San Francisco, Ar. 9:50p

Maricopa & Phoenix & Salt River R'y

Time Table No. 41, Pacific Time.

To take effect Wednesday, December 30th, 1896, at 5 o'clock p. m.

Maricopa & Phoenix,

From Phoenix.	Toward Phoenix.
Stations.	Stations.
8:00pm	Phoenix, Ar. 8:15pm
8:30pm	Phoenix, Ar. 8:45pm
9:00pm	Phoenix, Ar. 9:15pm
9:30pm	Phoenix, Ar. 9:45pm
10:00pm	Phoenix, Ar. 10:15pm
10:30pm	Phoenix, Ar. 10:45pm
11:00pm	Phoenix, Ar. 11:15pm
11:30pm	Phoenix, Ar. 11:45pm

Phoenix & Mesa City.

Toward Phoenix.	From Phoenix.
Stations.	Stations.
7:30a	Mesa, Ar. 7:45a
8:00a	Mesa, Ar. 8:15a
8:30a	Mesa, Ar. 8:45a
9:00a	Mesa, Ar. 9:15a
9:30a	Mesa, Ar. 9:45a
10:00a	Mesa, Ar. 10:15a
10:30a	Mesa, Ar. 10:45a
11:00a	Mesa, Ar. 11:15a
11:30a	Mesa, Ar. 11:45a

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.

How the Brigadier held the King.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

(Continued.)

I suppose that it must have been an hour that we ascended, and what with my wounded ankle and the rain from my eye, and the fear lest this wound should have spoiled my good looks, I have made no journey to which I look back with less pleasure. I have never been a good climber at any time, but it is astonishing what you can do, even with a stiff ankle, when you have a copper-colored brigand at each elbow and a nine-inch blade with the touch of your whistlers. We came at last to a place where the path wound over a ridge and descended upon the other side through thick pine trees into a valley which opened to the south. In time of peace I have little doubt that the villains were all smugglers and that these were the secret paths by which they crossed the Portuguese frontier. There were many mule tracks, and once I was surprised to see the marks of a large horse where a stream had softened the track. These were explained upon reaching a place where there was a clearing in the fir-wood. I saw the animal itself halted to a fallen tree. My eyes hardly rested upon it when I recognized the great black limbs and the white near the foreleg. It was the very horse which I had begged for in the morning.

What then had become of Com-missariat Vidal? Was it possible that there was another Frenchman in as perilous a plight as myself? The thought had hardly entered my head when our party stopped and one of them uttered a peculiar cry. It was answered from among the brambles which lined the base of a cliff at one side of the clearing, and an instant later ten or a dozen more brigands came out from among them and the two parties greeted each other. The newcomers surrounded my friend of the bewitching white eyes of grief and sympathy, and then turning upon me they brandished their knives and howled at me like the gang of assassins that they were. So frantic were their gestures that I was convinced that my end had come, and was just bracing myself to meet it in a manner which should be worthy of my past reputation when one of them gave an order, and I was dragged roughly across the little glade to the brambles from which this new band had emerged.

A narrow pathway led through them to a deep grotto in the side of the cliff. The sun was already setting outside and in the cave itself it would have been quite dark but for a pair of torches which blazed from a socket on either side. Between them there was sitting at a rude table a very singular-looking person, whom I saw instantly, from the respect with which the others addressed him, could be none other than the brigand chief who had received, on account of his dreadful character, the sinister name of El Cuchillo. The man whom I had injured had been carried in and placed upon the top of a barrel, his helpless legs dangling about in front of him and his cat's eyes still darting glances of hatred at me. I understood from the snatches of talk which I could follow between the chief and him that he was the lieutenant of the band, and that part of his duties was to lie in wait, with his smooth tongue and his peace-ful garb, for travelers like myself. When I thought of how many gallant officers may have been lured to their death by this monster of hypocrisy it gave me a glow of pleasure to think that I had brought his villainies to an end—though I feared it would be at the cost of a life which neither the emperor nor the army could well spare.

As the injured man, still supported on the barrel by two comrades, was explaining in Spanish all that had befallen him, I was held by several of the villains in front of the table at which the chief was seated, and had an excellent opportunity of observing him. I have seldom seen any man who was less like my idea of a brigand, and especially of a brigand with such a reputation that in a land of cruelty he had

ing and wrenching, but never quite free. At last, with my jacket nearly torn off my back and the blood dripping from my wrists, I was hauled backwards in the light of a rope and cords passed around my ankles and my arms.

"You sleek hound," I cried. "If ever I have you at my swordpoint I will teach you to maltreat one of my lads. You will find, you bloodthirsty beast, that my emperor has long arms, and though you lie here like a rat in its hole, the time will come when he will tear you out of it, and you and your vermin will perish together." My faith, I have a rough side to my tongue, and there was not a word of that which I uttered in fourteen campaigns which I did not let fly at him, but he sat with the handle of his pen tapping against his forehead and his eyes squinting up at the roof as if he had conceived the idea of some new stanza. It was this occupation of his which showed me how I might get my point into him. "You spawn," said I, "you think that you are safe here, but your life may be as short as that of your absurd verses, and God knows it could not be shorter than that."

Oh, you should have seen him bound from his chair when I had said the words. This vile monster, who dispensed death and torture as a grocer serves out figs, had one raw nerve which I could prod at pleasure. His face now grew livid and those little bourgeois side whiskers quivered and thrilled with his passion.

"Very good, colonel. You have said enough," he cried, in a choking voice. "You say that you have had a very distinguished career. I promise you also a very distinguished ending. Col. Etienne Gerard, of the Third Hussars, shall have a death of his own."

"And I only beg," said I, "that you do not commemorate it in verse." I had one or two other little ironies to utter, but he cut me short with a furious gesture which caused my three guards to drag me from the cave.

Our interview, which I have told you as nearly as I can remember it, must have lasted some time, for it was quite dark when we came out, and the moon was shining very clearly in the heavens. The brigands had lighted a great fire of the dried branches of the fir trees; not of course for warmth, since the night was already very sultry, but to cook their evening meal. A huge copper pot hung over the blaze, and the rasels were lying all around in the yellow glare, so that the scene looked like one of those pictures which I had seen in Madrid. There were some soldiers who profess to care nothing for art and the like, but I have always been drawn toward it myself, in which respect I show my good taste and my breeding. I remember, for example, that when they were selling the plunder after the fall of Danzig, I bought a very fine picture called "Nymphs Surprised in a Wood," and I carried it with me through two campaigns until my charger had the misfortune to put his hoof through it.

I only tell you this, however, to show you that I was never a mere rough soldier like Hap and Lefebvre. As I lay in that brigand's camp I had little time or inclination to think about such matters. They had thrown me down under a tree, the three villains squatting round and smoking their cigarettes within hand's touch of me. What to do I could not imagine. In my whole career I do not suppose that I have ten times been in as hopeless a situation.

"But courage," thought I, "courage, my brave boy, you were not made a colonel of hussars at twenty-eight because you could dance a cotillon. You are a picked man, Etienne, a man who has come through more than two hundred affairs and this little one is surely not going to be the last." I began eagerly to glance about for some chance of escape, and as I did so I saw something which filled me with great astonishment.

I have already told you, that a large



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ture was burning in the center of the glade. What with its glare and what with its moonlight, everything was as clear as possible. On the other side of the glade there was a single tall fir tree, which attracted my attention because its trunk and lower branches were discolored, as if a large fire had recently been lit underneath it. A clump of bushes grew in front of it which concealed the base. Well, as I looked towards it I was surprised to see projecting above the bush, and fastened apparently to the tree, a pair of fine riding boots with the toes upwards. At first I thought that they were tied there, but as I looked harder I saw that they were secured by a great nail which was hammered through the foot of each. And then suddenly, with a thrill of horror, I understood that they were not empty boots, and moving my head a little to the right, I was able to see who it was that had been fastened there and why a fire had been lit beneath the tree. It is not pleasant to speak or think of horrors, my friends, and I do not wish to give any of you among the Spanish guerrillas without showing you what kind of men they were and the sort of warfare that they waged. I will only say that I understood why Monsieur Vidal's horse was waiting motionless in the grove, and that I hoped that he had met this terrible fate with spiritfulness and courage, as a good Frenchman ought.

It was not a very cheering sight for me, as you can imagine. When I had been with their chief in the grotto I had been so carried away by my rage at the cruel death of young Soubiron, who was one of the brightest lads who ever threw his thigh over a charger, that I had never given a thought to my own position. Perhaps it would have been more politic had I spoken the ruffian fair, but it was too late now. The cork was drawn and I must drain the wine. Besides, if the harmless commissariat man was put to such a death, what hope was there for me, who had snapped the spine of their lieutenant? No, I was doomed in any case, so it was as well, perhaps, that I should have put the best face on the matter. This beast could bear witness that Etienne Gerard had died as he had lived, and that one prisoner at least had not quailed before him. I lay there thinking of the various girls who would mourn for me, and of my dear old mother, and of the deplorable loss that I should be both to my regiment and to the emperor, and I am ashamed to confess to you that I shed tears as I thought of the general consternation which my premature end would give rise to.

(To be Continued.)

—Mrs. Y.—"My daughter is a promising musician." Mrs. C.—"Well, get her to promise that she won't sing any more." —Yonkers Statesman.

\$1000.00

Who will get it?

Schilling's Best tea is not only pure but it is-----?-----because it is fresh-roasted.

What is the missing word?

Get Schilling's Best tea at your grocer's; take out the Yellow Ticket (there is one in every package); send it with your guess to address below before August 31st.

One word allowed for every yellow ticket. If only one person finds the word, he gets one thousand dollars. If several find it, the money will be divided equally among them.

Every one sending a yellow ticket will get a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive a charming 1898 calendar, no advertisement on it.

Besides this thousand dollars, we will pay \$150 each to the two persons who send in the largest number of yellow tickets in one envelope between June 15 and the end of the contest—August 31st.

Cut this out. You won't see it again for two weeks.

Address: SCHILLING'S BEST TEA SAN FRANCISCO.



HE WAS NOT DEAD WHEN WE BURIED HIM.

heading under June 24. Have you not a young officer named Soubiron, a tall, slight youth with light hair?" "Certainly." "I see that we buried him upon that date." "Poor lad!" I cried. "And how did he die?" "We buried him." "But before you buried him?" "You misunderstand, colonel, he was not dead before we buried him."

CHAPTER III

"You buried him alive?" For a moment I was too stunned to act. Then I hurried myself upon the man, as he sat, with that placid smile of his upon his lips, and I would have torn his throat out had the three wretches not dragged me away from him. Again and again I made for him, panting and cursing, shaking off this man and that, strain-



TURNING UPON ME THEY BRANDISHED THEIR KNIVES.

earned so dark a nickname. His face was bluff and broad and bland, with

ANTONIO CHINAMAN

DEALER IN

General Merchandise

Corner Ninth and Bailey Sts.,

Florence, Arizona.

Tunnel Saloon.

CHOICE WINES,

LIQUORS

AND CIGARS.

J. C. KEATING Proprietor

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOTICE.—Any information regarding the Casa Grande valley will be cheerfully furnished by Chas. P. Kepp, Immigration Commissioner for Pinal County, Florence, Ariz.